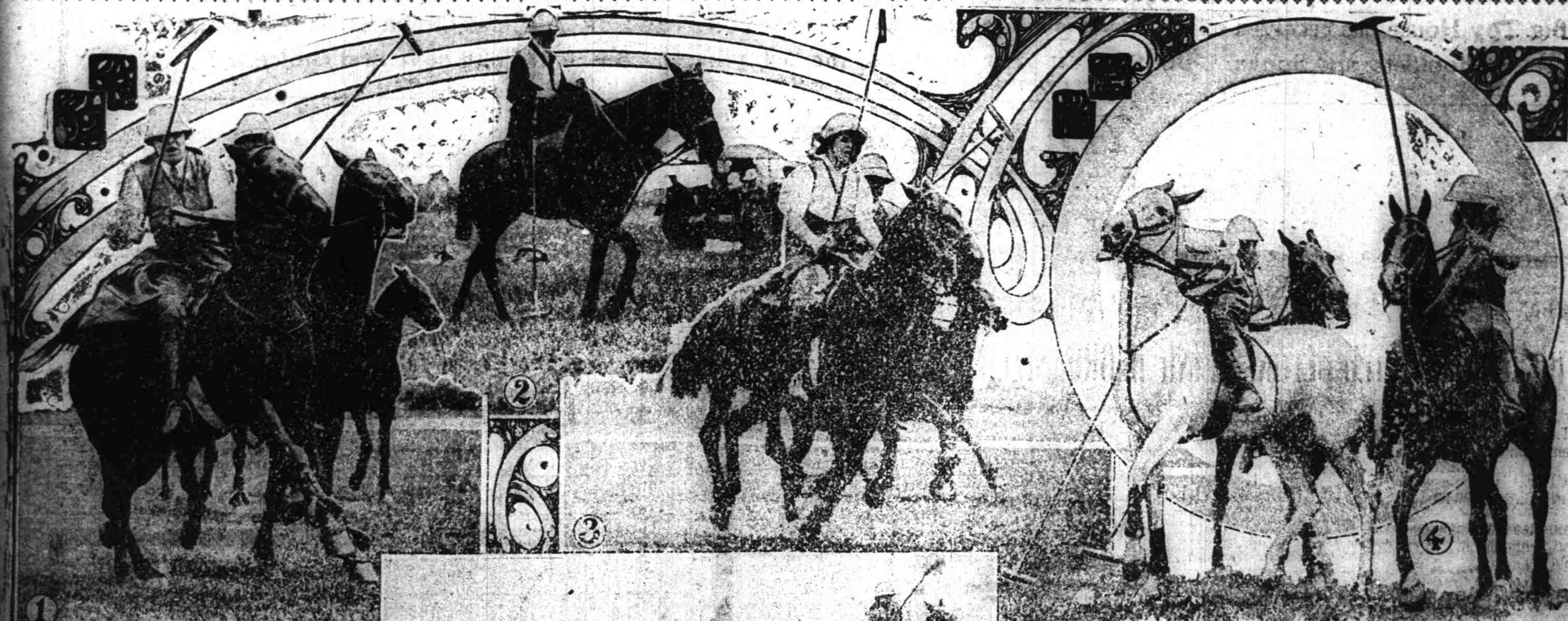


ANOTHER FIELD OF MAN GONE--- WOMEN PLAYING THE GAME OF POLO



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By CHARLES N. LURIE.

WHEN the hard driven wooden ball goes whizzing through the air singing the tale of the impact of the mallet and of the sinewy arm that wielded it, when the hard ridden ponies dash and smash and bump and turn only to crash together again, when the possible end of the game is buried in mud six inches thick, churned into a smear by the cutting hoofs—with the possibility of broken or strained limbs, crushed features or death itself as the random polo field, when play is on, is no place for woman.

Not for most women. But there are others, as the French say. There are women—not many, it must be admitted—who glory in the thrills of the stinging sport and scoff at the danger. When the polo season is on they forget their necks, their limbs and their reputations for womanly gentleness. What you polo as you will, to this complexion it must come at last. It is no game for the woman whose idea of something good to ride upon is a rocking chair. Nor is it a game for the woman who lives and moves and has her being within the circle of the conventionalities.

When the game is on and the ponies must be ridden hard across the field to the spot where the ball lies waiting the first touch of the mallet, when the horses, playing the game fully as much as their masters and mistresses, rear and plunge in mad endeavor to upset their opponents there is no time to think of appearances. "The game is the thing," not disarranged dress or spills or mussed hair or muddled features or loss of calm and dignity. When you're trying to whack the sphere far beyond the other fellow's or woman's reach you've no time to think of lost hairpins.

Polo playing by women in teams is a new "stunt," one of the newest in the sporting world. Of course there have been always, since the time when Emperor Aurangzeb or somebody like that invented the game of polo, centuries ago, women who have dallied with the stirring game of the mallet, ball and pony. In recent years Florence of Adelaide or Eugenie, being a good horsewoman and filled with the spirit of mischief, has donned her own or her brother's riding togs and stole out in the gray dawn to take a whack or two at the ball. Sometimes even two or three of these venturesome

spirits have foregathered in practice periods. And even of late years women have played in regular polo games with men. Now, however, for the first time in the history of this well known universe women have organized a polo club of their own.

They are really, truly society women who have taken up the game of polo. They are the cream of the cream, the elite of the well. They are, for instance, Miss Eleanor Sears of Boston, California and half a dozen other fortunate places; Mrs. Thomas Hastings of New York, Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock and her two daughters, also of New

York; Mrs. Reginald Brooks, Mrs. W. Butler Duncan, Mrs. Harold C. Phipps and others. Those society dames could play polo with platinum balls and diamond studded mallets if they wanted to. They represent, besides daring horsemanship, skill, strength, endurance, nerve and willingness to take chances, M-O-N-E-Y in large accumulations. They need it, of course, because polo costs much money.

First, there are the ponies. Now, a polo pony isn't much for size, but he's very strong on looks and value. There must be many of him (or her) if the polo player is to have any sort of respectable string. No polo pony is much good after he goes down head first in a melee, and the rider, just before he or she is pitched over the horse's head, hears in the whirl of disordered thoughts of the game the sickening "rotten" crack that tells of a beloved animal's leg broken.

Good Polo Ponies Scarce.

You see, good ponies are scarce. Not every horse, noble animal though every one is, has the intelligence to become a polo pony. He must be trained carefully to follow the ball, and he must be swift and sturdy and hardy and invincibly, unerringly, unexcited. In England they say a polo pony must be able to turn like a flash on a sixpence. That's about the size of a dime. And he must have the instinct for the game—indescribable, of course, as are all subtle things.

Why They Play Polo.

To the charge that polo, being a rough, exciting game, with frequent unseating of riders and entailing great strain on players, is "no business" for a woman, Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, leader of the polo set on Long Island, said recently that she saw no reason for the criticism. She asserted with truth that in the cross country riding of the Meadow Brook Hunt and other clubs women take a leading part, being "in at the death" with their male

companions and rivals and frequently beating them to the first.

If women can "take" fences and ditches with men, ride with them as far as to stirren when the fox is breaking cover, lie up with the hounds as they wear the swallow over-brass, come out and join in the "view hounds" when the over-taken animal breaks cover, why can't they play polo? asks Mrs. Hitchcock. The answer is that they can, and they do play good polo when they want to.

We just can't let this thing go on to the end without telling about the Hitchcocks. You staid mothers, of daughters in long skirts, who spend your days in supervising your household and your evenings in happy housewifely dreams, think of Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock actually playing polo against her own daughter! Don't rub your eyes—it's a fact. To prove it here's a recent quotation from a New York paper.

"Miss Helen Hitchcock, who is fast becoming a true shot, made a remarkably good play against her mother, Mrs. Hitchcock had the ball going down field when her daughter cut sharply across, just avoiding a foul, backed the ball, wheeled quickly and scored in four strokes from center field." Shades of Martha Washington and Nancy Hanks!

The Onlooker

Was King Claus's Protege

John T. Dare has gone the way of a flash, the cable tells us. But the ogreish sketcher draws it a little more in saying that he was "chief adviser to King Kalakaua during that monarch's reign." Dare's incumbency of the office of attorney general lasted only a few months, in the next to the last kick of the king's absolutism prior to the "bayonet constitution" of 1887. The manner of his death will be interesting for many to come, to Hawaii to hear about.

Not only is the phrase "during the reign" misleading, but the appellation "chief" applied to Attorney General Dare is likewise so. Paul Neumann overshadowed him in legal ability and statecraft like Manna Loa does the foothills back of Hilo. Mr. Dare was anything but an unlikely man personally, but the relations of the majority of the foreign community to the Gibsonian and the Spreckelsonian regimes—sometimes but not always the same thing—were such that the affection for any protégé of either Spreckels or Gibson at that time might be designated by the symbol XX—in other words, he had to wear the double cross decoration of persons non grata to the bulk of the community.

Dare was no jelly-fish, though. Oldtimers have never forgotten how he responded to the goading of the advertisement by Thurston in the legislature one afternoon. One of his remembered gems of invective was "vinegar-visaged missionary." Perhaps less has come back from Dare's history after he returned to the Coast, for newspaper filling, than from any one else who held so prominent a position here and did not go farther away. If memory serves, he ran for office now and then over there, but on the whole he seems to have lived the quiet life of an average lawyer. That he attained the full measure of days allotted by the psalmist, beyond which misery may not be unexpected, is pleasing to those who knew him here without having anything creditable to his character as a man to mar their recollection of him.

How Ah In Has Come Back

Morgan's billions about which the ellipsoid money trust investigates the other day scarcely reflect on him as much as earned glory as the million in property wherewith, in a Chinese resident of Honolulu, reputed to have endowed himself, Morgan had the great United States a field to begin with, the whole

world to exploit for captioning his pile, and besides he was born and educated to his field. Ah In began as a poor alien, a stranger in a strange land, a member of a despised class of his race—a class restricted in its contacts to Hawaii before annexation and absolutely proscribed since that event. Ah In is remembered by many in

Honolulu for the time he passed vegetables from house to house in twin baskets borne upon a shouldered pole. Later he kept a store in Chinatown before the 1886 fire and planted rice on lands rented at high rates. He became rich as wealth was estimated in those days, began picking up odd pieces of city property and, in short, acquired a high rating among business men. Depression overtook the rice industry and Ah In, a few years ago, was known to be in difficulties. He was said to be burdened with a debt of around six figures.

He was now an old man, yet undauntedly he set about retrieving his fortune. Ah In dropped rice cultivation and planted a tract of 150 acres of land at Palama in sugar cane to sell the Honolulu Plantation Co.'s mill, adding other lands to the same purpose until now he commands 600 acres. In one season he made \$18,000 out of the cane. The past season he cleared between \$10,000 and \$15,000. His cane has given the extraordinary yield of ten tons of sugar to the acre, or perhaps a little better. Ah In owns many houses in different parts of the city. The huge indebtedness of a few years ago is wiped out, and today Ah In is declared to be worth a round million dollars. If he is not one of the most lustrous examples of the never-say-die type of nature's noblemen, the Onlooker would say that no such type exists. At the risk of being called a hero-worshipping donkey, he takes of his hat to his old friend, Ah In.

TRIED RECIPES

SPICED BEEF OR SAUERBRATEN.

Take a piece weighing from three to four pounds from the rump, cross-rib or chuck rib; wipe with damp cloth; make incisions in the top of the beef and force strips of fat salt pork one third of an inch wide and as long as the meat is thick. Put the meat in a deep dish and pour over a cup of spiced vinegar, which is made by steeping in it one minced onion, half a teaspoon each of pepper, mustard, cloves and allspice and a teaspoon of celery salt; to the meat add one tablespoon of minced celery and half a teaspoon of dry summer savory; let the meat stand in this for 24 hours, turning occasionally. Brown the meat in a baking dish, either granite or earthen, never iron or tin on account of the vinegar. When ready to cook add enough water to cover the bottom of the kettle; place the

meat on and simmer slowly four hours, then add and finish cooking. When serving add beets, cooked separately and small onions fried in deep fat. To the juices in the kettle add hot water enough to make the desired gravy, then stir in two level table-spoons of flour mixed smoothly with a little cold water; simmer until it thickens and add level table-spoon of butter. Serve in a hot sauce boat.

Larded Turkey.—Select a bird with youthful looking feet and a fresh odor. Remove all pinfeathers with a sharp knife and wash thoroughly inside and out. If the skin of the bird seems especially soiled put a pinch of bicarbonate in the water, rinsing this off finally. Stuff as usual with the inside of a loaf of stale white bread, mixed with a lump of butter the size of an egg and seasoned with salt, pepper and summer savory. Do not wet the bread or the stuffing will be soggy and the turkey taste spoiled. Truss in the usual manner, and then lay four thin slices of salt pork over the breast of the bird. During the cooking baste often so that the pork taste will permeate all the bird. This is an excellent way to prepare a turkey of the second class sort—the pork supplies the lacking flavor. A half dozen fresh sausages may also be added to the bread filling if further richness is desired.

Cranberry Jelly.—A rich turkey requires to be offset with an acid jam or jelly, and cranberries supply about the cheapest and most satisfying relish of this sort. Wash a quart of cranberries and put them over the fire in a double boiler, adding no water to them. Cover closely and steam until the fruit is soft. Then squeeze the berries through a bag and return the juice to the fire, adding one-half pound of sugar to a cupful of the liquid. As soon as the juice comes to a boil add in the sugar, stir until it is dissolved and allow it to boil up once more. Skim carefully. Remove from the fire, pour into a mold first dipped in cold water and set in a cool place to harden.

Roast Duck, Southern Style.—Prepare two medium sized ducks as for roasting, and then mince the liver and mix with a tablespoonful of finely minced bacon, add one ounce of butter a slice of white onion heaped high and salt and cayenne to taste. Put this mixture equally divided, into the bodies of the ducks, lay them in a roasting pan and cover the breasts within thin slices of bacon. If the ducks brown before cooking cover

them with white letter paper, when cooked lift them from the pan and to the liquid in it add the juice of an orange, two minced shallots, a table-spoonful of butter and as much more salt and cayenne as may be needed. Cook this gravy until the shallots are tender and then pour it over the ducks. Wild ducks need to be cooked rare, and if they are objectionably fishy a peeled carrot or an onion placed inside the bird during the cooking will absorb the unpleasant taste. Wild grape or current jelly goes with the wild duck or turkey.

FEMININE CHAT

The lovely new wing sleeves made of transparent stuffs are a "arming feature seen in some of the new gowns."

Many of the prettiest tailored costumes of the year are of green cloth, fur trimmed.—Washington Herald.

In packing garments on which gilt

braids is used, wrap them carefully in paper which is entirely free from sulphur, and put them into an airtight tin case. Do not use camphor or moth preservatives as they tarnish the gilt.—New Haven Journal Courier.

Some of the newest hand made sweaters are in two colors; white in combination with lavender, red or blue is a favorite. Some of the white sweaters have cuffs, collars and a banding along the lower edge, as well as the pocket flaps of black and white stripes.

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